

Lift Your Eyes to Heaven

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Title: LIFT YOUR EYES TO HEAVEN

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Disclaimer: All characters in this story from Buffy the Vampire Slayer are

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My Dear Spike,

I write and I write to you and you never answer, never answer. I write my

letters in my head and mail them with my mind but you never answer. Why don't

you answer me Spike? Can't you hear me? I hear you. I hear you rage and revile

me, I feel your spite, your hate. You curse me to daylight and you cry in your

sleep while you dream of me. You grieve for me but you don't come Spike. You

don't come.

Over and over you scream and cry...why did you leave me? I never left you, dear

Spike. I never left you darling, I only wandered, only desired, as I was born to

do and always will do. I am an animal, I am the lustful Evening Star, just as

you are, my sweet. That is why we died and became what we are, to be free of

rules and morals which chained us in the cold dungeons, choking in dusty

darkness when we longed for light, my love. You told me you loved me inside and

out but that was when I was helpless, frigid, like my little dolls that stare at

me, my only companions staring at me with their horrid glass eyes. Oh Spike, why

don't you come and put out their eyes?

You liar. Liar, liar, you talk and talk and talk of your hatred for Them. But

you want to be one of them again, don't you, you stupid creature? You want to

live like them and if you could, you would be human again in a moment. My little

Spike, you envy them, their Valentine love and children and mothers and friends.

Our love is the love of the wildcat, free, hot as the stars but theirs is cold,

shrivelled, false. You don't understand because you refuse to remember when you

were one of Them. But I remember my life as human, every day. I never ever never

ever forget and that is why I glory in what I am and I don't pine after what I

lost.

I wish I could kiss you now, Spike. I wish I feel you worshipping me. No one

worships me now and I am so cold.....

I remember when I was a girl walking the Earth. Cursed girl, bad girl, evil was

my destiny but foolish little urchin, I longed to be good. My love for God was

so strong, it burned like a flame in my breast. Spike, you fool,
there is a God,

no matter what he says and he is wrathful and watching, watching.
When visions

started I knew they were from God. I thought I would be a Saint like
Joan of

Arc. Angelus likes to say he changed me. Arrogance. Mum was the first
to put the

thought of evil in my head, told me the visions were from the Evil
One, not from

God, that God would hate me and spurn me and send me to Hell if I did
not banish

the sinful prophesies from my mind. I tried, my dear Spike. Oh, I
tried. I wish

you were here right now to laugh at me and stop all of this thinking,
thinking,

remembering.

Mum told Papa and he beat me until I hurt all over, every bone, every
feeling.

When I confessed to Father Gregory he told me that if I would only
pray every

waking hour of every day and consign my life to the Lord my visions
would be

taken from me and God would show me His mercy. But they never did.
They kept

coming and coming and they all called me witch and threw stones at me
wherever I

went. Thought of my own evil grew and grew, big like a tree.

Then on my 16th birthday HE came. I feel so much when I think on him,
monster,

lover, nightmare, dream, appearing at my window with his horrid,
beautiful face,

shadowing me in my dreams, touching me in my sleep when he crept in
my room at

night, taking my innocence from me, my dear love. When I confessed to
Father

Gregory -- I thought it was a dream -- he called me Jezebel and drove
me from

the little dark box with no penance or forgiveness. What a sniveling

creature I

was then, how I despise myself, walking day and night in terror,
fleeing my

visions, fleeing Mum and Papa, fleeing him, running to the nuns when
the priest

would not help me. Oh, the Nuns were kind, they took pity on a girl
imprisoned

in her mind. And when he killed my dear ones and I didn't cry enough,
I fled to

them for protection. The holy sisters would grant it, but they
exacted a price

-- a new prison for an old one. My visions would leave me if I took
the veil and

left the world behind, never to know love or family, no children of
my own to

inherit my legacy of sin. Spike, my dear creature, I am weeping. How
you would

laugh at me now and we would play and forget. I feared Hell, and the
love of God

still burned like a fading ember in my heart. I accepted the sentence
and went

to my cell. HE was waiting for me, Spike, and he took me and freed
me, just as

he freed you.

There you see. I remember. While you pine for fidelity and friendship
and ally

yourself with the Slayer, I remember the victim that I was and the
glorious

power I became. I love HIM because thanks to him, those who would not
love me --

my parents, the priest, the other children of the town who threw
rocks and me

and called me witch -- are dead. Yet I hate him, as you do, because
he crushed

me to own me then ran away, reviling and despising me...the girl who
had once

last chance to win the heart of my first true love, God, before the
evil one

stole it from me.

I am all alone now, Spike, and still you do not come. I did something stupid, my

love. I took a one of Them as a lover. Just a poor mortal thing but he was so

much like us. I never realized a mere man could be so clever but he outwitted

me, Spike, and he has locked me away in his cellar behind bars I cannot bend,

where he comes and watches me, safe distance, with his horrid shining eyes. I

never hunt or make love, and have only my dolls for company during the long days

and nights. My dear Spike, will you not come? I know you can never forgive me

for my wild, free passion that would not be chained to yours. But you can take

pity on me. Come and free me, then punish me and send me away as they all do, as

they all have ever done. Perhaps God will reward your kindness. You do not

believe in Him, but you are a fool. If you lift your eyes to Heaven, Spike, you

can see the God who abandoned me. His vengeance is fearful. He made the Devil

who only acts with His permission. But you need not look down to a pit of fire

to find him. The Devil roams the earth in torment, bewailing his deeds, pitying

everyone and everything but the loneliest of creatures, you and I, his children.

Forever,

Drusilla

End
file.